

only right one. If such an abnormal person as a perfect governess could exist, one might not scruple to allow her to turn out perfect pupils even if they did in the end bear a close resemblance to her, but in consideration that the majority of us are very faulty, it is hardly a beneficial thing that the children should be so uninterruptedly under our supervision. That they do learn to resemble their guardians is a fact patent to every governess of any experience. Compare the letters of teacher and pupil after a few months of tuition, more or less, and the absurd imitation in ideas, manner, and writing, is unmistakeable. I once knew a governess who was always accused of having written to herself when she received a letter from her pupils. It must have been annoying to them, but happily they were quite unconscious of any similarity. It hardly seems right that one should use one's influence to turn out so many girls stamped with the tone of oneself, as if one were a cake-cutter and ruthlessly chopped off any differences between one crust and another, and I think the matter is worthy of much consideration. There are ways of getting over the difficulty, but they do not seem to me thoroughly satisfactory. One way is never to stay too long in the same place. That is a poor solution and, besides, one might do more harm than good. A better way is to give the children as long a time as possible to themselves. Personally it is a great temptation to me to join in their games after the day's work, but it is really better to keep away and to let them rely upon themselves for ideas and conversation. I wish some of you would advise me how to teach self-reliance. To bring out instead of to put in; to find out what possibilities lie in the child's mind; to teach him to find them out, too; and to use them and develop them is a hard thing! Tell me if I am right in some of the ways by which I think it may be done.

Many new scenes, and startling events, many treats, surprises, and new people, should, I think, be avoided for young children. They must not be choked with a surplus of food, only just so much is permissible as will allow healthy growth. Next, there is nothing like the out-of-door environment of the home for education. Here no startling sound or sight astonishes and disturbs, everything is familiar and therefore soothing. The mind, like a plant, takes root, and the leaves of character expand, nourished they know not how. With nothing foreign forced into it the mind then puts forth ideas, the greenness of the trees, the sunset, the lonely river, have an effect upon it which is all unconscious, and from the beauty of Nature it understands Goodness. How much better so

than from the lips of a human being! I think we should be very careful how we approach with our clumsy words this delicate and vast influence. This, however, we may do. We may see that the child lives; lives as it alone can—not as another shows it. Teach it that now is the time for action. Its lessons; its little gardens; its walks, its games, constitute "life" to it at present and from depending upon itself for action it will learn to depend upon itself for thought, and so will grow to say with courage "This is mine; it is no other man's." Few of us will have the honour of training geniuses, but each child should be educated by a standard no lower than that which Emerson's definition of a genius provides, namely: "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men." I hope some one will answer my paper or discuss the question in the next Magazine.

F. R.

#### A DAY IN YOUGHAL.

Of the many beautiful excursions it is possible to make in the south of Ireland, not the least interesting is a journey from Lismore by boat on the Blackwater to Youghal. In the beginning of May it was our good fortune to make such an excursion, and to spend a day in Youghal, where we saw much to help to fill the storehouses of our memories.

We began by driving from Lismore in an outside car, which, after the first experience or so, is a very comfortable vehicle, and was once described by an Irishman as a car "holding two each side if you sits adjacent, and three if you sits familiarlike." We arrived at the spot where a little steam launch was waiting to take us down the Blackwater to Youghal. As we plied our way down the river, the reason for calling the Blackwater "the Rhine of Ireland" became apparent. The trees on its well-wooded banks were coming into leaf, and at no other time in the year could the country be seen to such advantage, a view of the Knockmealdown Mountains in our rear completing the beautiful panorama. On our right we passed Strancally Castle, a building of Gothic architecture, raised to supply the place of an old castle which had



been destroyed by order of Queen Elizabeth, and the ruins of which still remain. The interesting feature was an abbey overgrown with ivy, where Raymond Le Gros, friend and companion-in-arms of Strongbow, is said to be buried.

On landing in Youghal we found ourselves in a very quaint (and very dirty) town, containing much of historical interest. In the centre of the main street is a clock gate, used also as a prison, under which is an archway spanning the road.

As one never thinks of Youghal except in connection with Sir Walter Raleigh, it is natural that his house was the first place we visited. It is a well-preserved specimen of Elizabethan style of the plainest and most solid order. The walls are very thick, and secret chambers are known to exist in them. Some years ago, behind a wainscot, a quantity of books and MSS. were discovered, evidently forming part of Sir Walter's library.

Our guide pointed out one bay window, called "Spenser's Window," because the poet Spenser wrote many of his works in it. The "Oak Room" is panelled from top to bottom with old oak, and on one side of the handsomely-carved fireplace stands the sea-chest of the celebrated sailor.

The garden, which is partly surrounded by the wide old town-wall, has a special interest for every Irishman, in that it was there the first praty (potato) was planted in the Emerald Isle; and for every smoker, as containing the spot, now shaded by fine yew-trees, where Raleigh was smoking a pipe when his servant, fearing he was on fire, dashed a jug of beer over his master to save him from being burnt to death.

Adjoining the garden is the Churchyard where we saw a tombstone which covers the bodies of "the three beautiful Miss Pooles." These were beautiful ladies who were stricken with the Plague whilst they were at a ball, and buried in their ball-dresses. The church is very old and the tower dates back to the fifth century. Within the Church the most curious monument is that of the first Earl of Cork. On either side of his recumbent effigy is one of his two wives, and in front are the grotesque little figures of his fourteen children, while above them all is a large image of the Earl's mother with a Bible in her hand.

There is a monument in another part of the Church of a lady who lived to be one hundred and forty years old! Our attention also was attracted to a tombstone on which were carved thirty pieces of money, and this is accounted for by the general supposition

that it is the burial place of a traitor whose enemies showed their estimate of his character by connecting him thus with the traitor, Judas. When we left the Church we just had time for a drive to the sands before lunching at a friend's house, which by two o'clock was in no way an unwelcome item in the day.

Then we visited a place which all clay-modellers would enjoy seeing—the Potteries of Youghal—famous for the pitchers which are used so much in the South of Ireland, and which give the place an oriental look. As the potter placed lump after lump of clay on his wheel it was amusing to speculate whether pot or pan, pitcher or candlestick would be the outcome of what seemed to be exactly the same process for all. We saw some partially dried pans washed out with glaze, and placed in the kilns which were afterwards built up and heated with fires to give the final baking.

The afternoon was passing away, and soon with the cool evening breeze blowing in our faces we were steaming in the little launch up the river towards home. After a short drive we reached Lismore, having spent a day, which will never entirely fade from our memories, and ready to sleep the sleep of the weary until called to perform the duties for which our energies had been so vigorously renewed.

F. M.